

nightmares and hugs by foreheadclique

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Summary:

since getting will back, johnathan has severely struggled with nightmares of what it could've possible been like for him. he wakes up screaming some nights and barely sleeps.

so of course, when he wakes up crying at nancy's house at a party, steve harrington is the one to see him pretty much lose it.

what johnathan doesn't expect is that steve is actually pretty good at hugs.

(i suck at writing but this ship needs so many more works, so i took it upon myself to take action)

nightmares and hugs

Author's Note:

hey guys!

first time writing in this fandom, hopefully not too
sucky ;)

ALSO USE OF SOME OFFENSIVE WORDS (f****t,
etc.)

"Alright! Party's over!" Slurred a slightly drunken Nancy from the middle of the stairs. Her statement was met by many groans and disagreeing comments as Steve helped usher the mass amount of people out of the front door.

"Oi! Harrington! You comin'?" Billy shouted out from the moving crowd.

"Um, I think I'm going to stay, help Nance clean up and stuff."

"Right... Help her 'clean up?'" Karen smirked at Billy's side.

"Yeah actually, the place is kinda messy and I'm sure I can get home safely, thanks for your concern." Steve smiled cheekily and turned on his heel to walk away.

"You're actually going to stay here? You aren't going to get anything out of it you know, that Byers kid is staying too." Karen scoffed.

"Oh gosh Harrington, you really should leave. I hear faggot's are contagious." Billy laughed, he thought he was hilarious.

"Well by the way you two act around each other, I'd say being an asshole is contagious. Now you two heard Nancy, party's over." This time, Steve walked out of the room for real and headed towards the kitchen, completely missing Jonathan standing a few feet away with his head hung lower than usual.

"Thanks again for sticking around you two. It means a lot." Nancy said appreciatively as Jonathan entered the small kitchen. `

"Don't sweat it, your party turned out pretty good hey?" Steve flashed her a smile.

"Yeah, it did. I'm glad no one got too drunk. Vomit is not fun to clean of carpet."

"I can imagine."

Jonathan stayed silent as they moved from room to room, slowly but surely making the house presentable again. Jonathan had never realised how good Steve was at holding a conversation. He seemed to be only interested in the subject he was talking about at that time and would listen just as intently to whoever he was speaking too. Jonathan felt small pangs of jealousy whenever he heard them laugh together, he wished that he could effortlessly make someone laugh. He also didn't understand why they weren't dating. Apparently they just lost the interest in having a romantic relationship.

Their conversations varied from "why basketball is better than netball" to "why our democracy is failing completely." They never seemed to run out of things to talk about. It was fascinating really. Jonathan just listened along and got lost in his own thoughts while cleaning dirty countertops and red wine stained cupboards.

Conversation and small talk continued until they got back to the kitchen. Nancy and Steve were laughing and Jonathan tagged behind.

She pulled her petite frame behind the kitchen counter and smiled. "Tea, boys?"

Steve nodded eagerly.

Jonathan considered going home and just sleeping, it was 12:30 after all, that's not that late, but after partying it is. But before he could answer he heard Steve's warm voice,

"That wasn't a choice bud, you're having tea whether you like it or not."

Jonathan smiled a little bit and sat down next to Steve.

"So, Byers. you've been extremely quiet tonight. Is everything all good?"

"Yes, yeah of course. Why wouldn't it be?"

Steve looked confused and opened his mouth to speak but Nancy cut him off.

"Why would it be okay? Considering what we went through." She laughed lightly.

Everyone was silent as Nancy placed the sugar cubes in their tea and slid it across the counter to the boys, they stayed quiet until Steve cleared his throat.

"I'm glad it's over."

Jonathan almost smiled, "Me too." He breathed.

"It's crazy to believe that everything we went through actually happened." Nancy added.

"I know, and the fact that we're all okay and everything is unbelievable."

Steve's words put things in perspective for Jonathan, he suddenly felt pathetic for his nightmares. They were fine, nothing terrible had really happened to them, not compared to Will anyway. He felt weak. They were absolutely fine.

"How's Will holding up?" Nancy asked carefully

"Will? Oh, he's doing okay. He gets too scared to sleep on his own most nights and he's made himself a home in my room which is kind of annoying but, other than that I think he's going to be fine." Jonathan told the two.

"I'm glad." Steve sighed.

After a few seconds of comfortable silence, Nancy gasped in delight.

"Let's watch a movie!"

Steve and Jonathan shrugged with agreement, considering there was nothing better to do. So the three of them sat down on the couch and

put on the first one in the drawer. It was some B grade horror movie that Mike had watched with his friends, but they watched it anyway. 'It's not that bad to be honest.' Steve whispered about halfway through the movie, but no one answered. He looked around in the darkness and sure enough Nancy was asleep on the other couch and Jonathan was breathing steadily in the spot next to him with his eyes shut. Steve sighed and almost laughed, he considered keeping the movie on but thought it might wake the other two, so he got up and turned it off.

"Steve?" Nancy asked loudly.

So much for not waking them up.

"Hey, sorry for waking you... you and Jonathan fell asleep so I thought I'd turn the movie off, again, sorry for waking you." He said quietly.

"It's fine. I'm going to go up to my room though. That couch is literally going to break my neck. you can sleep wherever you want." She smiled tiredly.

"Thank you Nance. Have a good sleep."

"You too Steve, do me a favour. Keep an eye on Jonathan."

"Oh, sure? Why?"

She sighed and walked towards the steps.

"He's been, weird, I don't know how to describe it, but not himself lately. If you get what I mean?"

"I guess? I haven't really noticed it except for this afternoon. But yeah I'll keep an eye on him."

"Thank you. I'm probably being paranoid, I just don't want to take any chances."

Steve looked at her and tilted his head in confusion.

"I'm still confused.. Why-"

“Steve,” Nancy interrupted him, “Think about what he’s gone through. He lost his brother and then had to figure out where he was, he had to go through a week knowing his brother wasn’t dead but not knowing how to get to him or contact him, not to mention his mum. Who went kinda crazy in that week, and he had no release, he had no one to talk to, until I helped him. If I were him, I sure wouldn’t be okay, so even though he seems okay, I just don’t want to take any chances.”

Steve stared back in shock and quickly nodded in understanding.

“I’ll keep an eye on him, he’s sleeping though. I’m sure everything will be fine. Don’t stress.”

Thank you Steve. goodnight.” She leaned down and wrapped Steve in a quick hug and walked up the stairs towards her room.

As soon as Steve heard the close of her bedroom door he turned back and started walking back to the kitchen. He got a mug and quietly made himself a hot chocolate, knowing Nancy wouldn’t care. Hopefully.

As he popped the marshmallows in, he turned and walked over to the couches they were sitting on when they were watching the movie. He sat down on the one that Nancy had fallen asleep on and crossed his legs, staring into his melting marshmallows.

His head raced with thoughts as he sipped the burning drink. He never realised how strong Jonathan was, or Will, or Mike, or Dustin, or Lucas, or Nancy. Or anyone for that matter. They’d all been through so much. Steve felt a wave of appreciation for the sleeping boy on the couch. The one he used to hate.

He thought back to the day he broke Jonathan’s camera. He instantly felt a pang of guilt hit him. Sure, it was creepy, but he didn’t need to be such an asshole about it. He had always felt the need to impress his friends. But Jonathan was going through a tough time and he’s had no idea. And then he’d broken the one thing that meant most to him. He never apologised.

Steve felt like an asshole, but he’d changed and he was glad, he was

better off without all of his stupid, overrated friends. He liked these friends a lot better, it was like they actually cared about each other.

Steve lifted his head and observed Jonathan sleeping on the other couch, he felt kind of creepy watching him like that, but at the same time that is what Nancy asked him to do.

Jonathan was curled up in a ball, facing the back of the couch and Steve almost laughed, it showed how introverted he was. He was restless though, he kept moving and thrashing. Steve didn't take much notice of this, he just figured he was uncomfortable.

Steve picked himself up off the couch and went to rinse the mug he had the hot chocolate in. He turned the tap on as quietly as he could and ran the mug under the water. He put it on the bench and turned the tap off. He stood in the kitchen for a few seconds, deciding what to do. He decided to put the movie back on, just very quietly. He sat back down in the same spot on the couch and waited for the movie to come on.

While waiting, he sub consciously looked over at Jonathan, and he didn't expect to see him sweating and laying spread out on his back, thrashing every so often with a pained expression on his face. His knuckles were white and his chest was heaving up and down way too fast for Steve's liking. Pained whimpers escaped his mouth and he started tossing and turning. Steve was shocked and had no idea what was going on, rushing to Jonathan's side, he started running his hands over his sweaty forehead and shoulders, this didn't seem to help as he just got worse and worse. The strangled noises got louder and the breathing got faster.

Steve could practically feel Jonathan's racing heart through his hands.

Jonathan thrashed around for a bit more until Steve started shaking him with worry, he was freaking out. He's never seen someone that distressed in their sleep before. After a few more shakes Jonathan breathed heavily and sat up abruptly, opening his tear filled eyes with panic. He looked around feverishly for a few seconds until his eyes landed on Steve's. Jonathan immediately felt a wave of embarrassment flow through him and he wanted to curl up and go back to sleep. He knew what had just happened, he could feel the

sweat sticking his hair down and his shirt to his back.

“Jonathan?”

Steve’s kind voice sent a wave of comfort through Jonathan and he felt a hand grab his own shaking one, the temptation to shake it off was strong. But he didn’t.

“Jonathan, what happened?”

He knew he wouldn’t be able to speak properly, but he managed out a small “nightmare.” The hand squeezed tighter.

“Are you okay??”

Jonathan looked at his shaking hands and let out a small sob. He was pathetic.

Steve felt pain rush through his stomach and without thinking climbed up on the couch next to Jonathan and pulled him into a tight hug. Jonathan let out more cries and Steve felt him lean into his chest and grab his shirt. He felt sobs rack the other boys body and pulled him even closer. Using one hand to run his fingers through Jonathans hair and the other to keep him close, drawing patterns on his arm and back. He could feel Jonathan’s heaving breathes and shaking hands gripping his shirt.

“It’s okay, it’s okay, you’re okay, you’re safe.” Steve whispered to the shaking boy. He simply curled up tighter as the sobs started to die down. He repeated his words until Jonathan was calm and breathing normally. He stayed tucked under Steve’s arms and Steve continued comforting him. Jonathan was melting into the comforting hands and leaned further into the body.

Steve smiled and repressed the idea to kiss the boys head.

“How often does that happen?” Steve thought out loud.

Jonathan untangled himself quickly from Steve’s arms and looked him in the eyes before dropping his gaze to his hands again.

“I- I guess like, uh, twice a week..” Jonathan whispered.

Steve grabbed the shaking hands once again.

“Why didn’t you tell us?”

“I didn’t want to make it all about me, you don’t need to worry. I’ll be fine, I didn’t go thr-“

Steve cut him off with a hand to his shoulder and a flaming stare into his eyes.

“You went through a lot, no one expects you to be fine Jonathan. We’re here for you. Okay?”

Jonathan smiled and shook his head, “I don’t deserve you.”

Steve just glared at him and grabbed his hands with both of his.

“You do, you deserve more than you know. Do you think you can go to sleep again? You need it.”

“Um, maybe? I’m just cold.”

Steve got up and got Jonathan a blanket. Before he left the room he took a look back at Jonathan only to be met with the boys stare straight back at him. His lips quirked upwards and he looked down. Steve’s heart did that flippy over thing and his breath caught in his throat.

“You’ll come back right?” A small voice spoke.

“Of course.”

He felt warm as he tried to find a blanket for Jonathan, he found a fluffy blue one which was extremely large and looked comfy.

He walked back into the room quickly with the blanket and felt crimson wash over his cheeks as he told Jonathan to lie down on the wide grey couch. He threw the blanket over the small body and melted even more. Jonathan looked so small. He leant down and planted a quick kiss on the side of his head before he could stop himself.

Both boys went bright red.

“Goodnight Jonathan.” Steve brushed his hand through his hair one more time and turned around to leave. His feet took 5 steps on the cold tiles as he walked to god knows where before,

“Steve?” A small voice came from the couch.

“What’s up?” He said warmly.

“Could you, um, I’m still really cold and I was wondering if you could, you know, stay with me?”

Steve’s cheeks went even redder than Jonathan’s and that was pretty impressive.

“Of course.” He smiled.

Jonathan held the blanket up for him and Steve climbed in slowly. He slid in right next to Jonathan’s cold body and kept his distance at first, not wanting to make him uncomfortable. He closed his eyes but could still feel Jonathan moving around under the covers.

This continued for about 4 minutes, Jonathan wouldn’t keep still, Steve was getting irritated. So he slid his arm around Jonathan’s waist and opened his eye a crack to see wide eyes looking up at him.

“Try staying still. It’s easier to sleep” Steve whispered.

Jonathan stayed as still as possible for a few seconds, he was stiff under Steve’s arm, Steve could tell and hugged Jonathan closer.

“Relax.”

So Jonathan did, he curled up tighter and leaned against Steve’s shoulder and moved his legs so they were tangled with Steve’s. He held on to Steve’s shirt and felt a hand find the back of his neck, sending shivers down his spine and he shuddered closer to Steve.

“You’re a good hugger.” Jonathan whispered.

“I only give good hugs to people who deserve it.”

Jonathan smiled and sighed happily.

He slept perfectly that night, he was warm and felt protected. He couldn't remember why until he woke up. Instead of Steve freaking out and jumping up when Jonathan accidentally moved to much he pulled him back into his chest.

Steve sighed happily and looked down sleepily at Jonathan and felt happy that he helped a little bit.

He helped a lot. Jonathan was forever thankful for the night.